I am a right maid for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me to;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue heere behinde.
Her. VVhat, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. VVith *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhee's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
VVhy will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her part. For if tho
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue
Thou ſhalt abie it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me n
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, t
Of thine or mine, is moſt in
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile g
Her. You Miſtreſſe, all thi
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I
Not longer ſtay in your curſ
Your hands than mine, are q
My legs are longer though
Her. I am amaz'd, and kno
Ob. This is thy negligenc
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaue
Puck. Beleeue me, King o
Did not you tell me, I ſhoul
By the *Athenian* garments h
And ſo farre blameleſſe pro
That I haue nointed an Ath
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo
As this their iangling I eſtee
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Lou
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercaſ
The ſtarry Welkin couer th
With drooping fogge as bla
And leade theſe teſty Riuals
As one come not within ano
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp wi
And ſometime raile thou lik
And from each other looke
Till ore their browes, death-
With leaden ledgs, and Batt